

to the rank of major. About the same time he was awarded the Military Cross for gallantry in action, having formed his company under heavy fire, led them with great dash, and, though wounded, held his position and dug himself in.

In the terrible fighting around Courcelette in September last he received very serious wounds and was practically abandoned for dead. A contemporary account of his experiences in that action reads as follows:

Major Acland's wounds are in the head and chest, but it is understood to be the chest wounds which throughout have been most dangerous. The officer was wounded at the battle of Thiepval, or Courcelette, about 1.30 p.m. He dropped immediately into a shell hole, where the stretcher-bearers applied temporary dressings, and, leaving a water bottle at hand, were compelled to leave him, the wounded man being apparently in a dying condition. The officer was asked for messages to friends, but remarked that he had written his friends fully the day before, knowing this battle was impending. For the first hour or so Major Acland also thought the end had come. Then, however, his strength began to revive somewhat and he looked for an opportunity of returning to the British front. His wound was bleeding profusely, and he feared death from exhaustion. The barrage also changed—German or British is uncertain—and shrapnel began to fall around, and actually in the shell hole. Stretcher-bearers were sent out for him, but failed to find him.

Shrapnel at last inflicted a severe head wound, and Major Acland, who seems not to have lost consciousness at any time, determined to use his remaining strength in trying to reach his comrades. The shrapnel had temporarily blinded him, but he was guided to the Canadian front by the flashes of its guns, and staggered in at 3.30 in the morning, fourteen hours after receiving the first wound. Though both wounds were severe, vital parts had by a miracle escaped, and after the first few days the surgeons reported that with reasonable good fortune he would recover.

Wounds and exhaustion produced complications of a most dangerous character and Major Acland nearly died in hospital in France. Somewhat recovered, he was removed to England, and there had another serious relapse. His parents hastened across the Atlantic, hardly expecting to find their son alive, but were rejoiced by a final permanent improvement in his condition. Though now able to stand for a little while, it will be a long, long time before Major Acland will regain his normal strength.

The following poem was written by the young officer when he was sailing across the Atlantic on that famous armada which bore Canada's first troops to the aid of the Motherland in this war. It has been very highly commended by able critics of verse, including Prof. Hutton, of Toronto University:

### THE REVELLE OF ROMANCE.

Regret no more the age of arms,  
Nor sigh, "Romance is dead,"  
Out of life's dull and dreary maze  
Romance has raised her head.

Now at her golden clarion call  
The sword salutes the sun;  
The bayonet glitters from its sheath  
To deck the deadly gun.

The tramp of horse is heard afar  
And down the Autumn wind  
The shrapnel shrieks of sudden doom  
To which brave eyes are blind.

From East and West and South and North  
The hosts are crowding still;  
The long rails hum as troop-trains come  
By valley, plain and hill.

And whence came yearly argosies  
Laden with silks and corn,  
Vast fleets of countless armed men  
O'er the broad seas are borne.

All come to that gay festival  
Of rifle, lance and sword,  
Where toasts are pledged in red heart's  
blood  
And Death sits at the board.